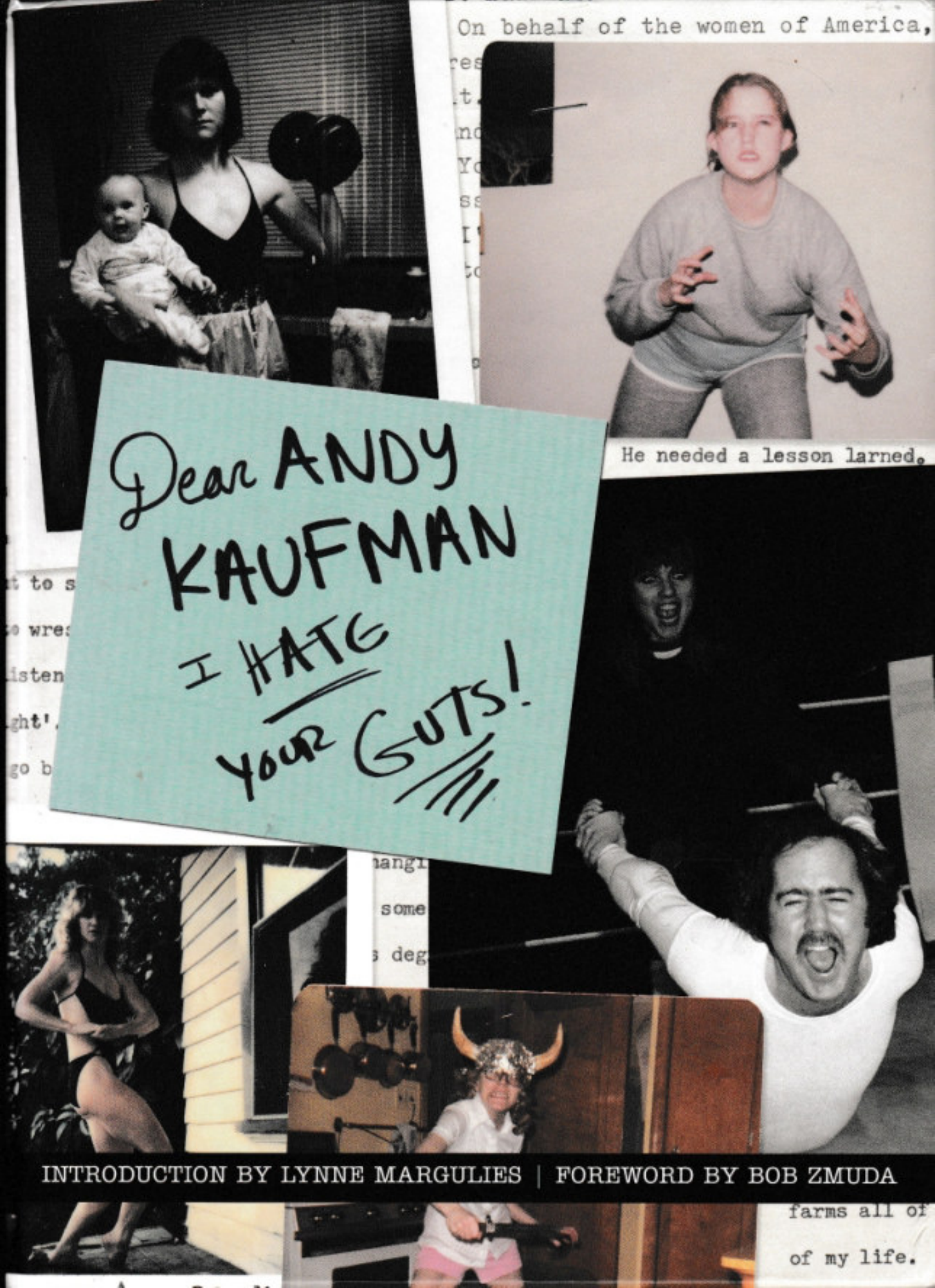


INTRODUCTION BY LYNNE MARGULIES | FOREWORD BY BOB ZMUDA

WHOEVER READS THIS:

TELL ANDY KAUFMAN THAT I DON'T LIKE THE SHOW "TAXI" AS WELL AS I USED TO SINCE I FOUND OUT WHAT A JERK HE IS. HE MIGHT NOT CARE WHAT I THINK OF HIM PERSONALLY, BUT HE CAN'T BE HELPING THE SHOW'S RATINGS.

I'M IN AN ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR AND I'D GLADLY RUN IT OVER HIM A FEW TIMES IF IT WOULD SHUT HIM UP, REWARD OR NO REWARD.

GOOD LUCK TO THE WOMAN--I HOPE SHE'S AN AMAZON.

SINCERELY,
MISS LOU EVAN

Lou Evan
Selma, Indiana 47383

ANDY KAUFMAN
P.O. BOX 860
RADIO CITY STATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
90019

December 3, 1979

Hey! Andy Kaufman,

I got so much brains and muscle that when I finish wrestling you, you gonna look like them braided guts behind me in the picture at Acapulco's open market. I mean I'm gonna whoop your sissy-britchered, slick-haired body into a smelly pulp.

Look at my picture and tell me I can't! Why I've wrestled my six foot baby brother to the floor and tied him up with baleing cords used to tie hay with. And he begged to be let up! He was twice as big as me but that warn't make no difference to me. He needed a lesson larned.

I ain't a pretty thang to look at and I'm just as mean. When you done gone and said what you did about women, I plum got insane. You don't got no right to say us women hain't no brains to wrestle you. It don't take no brains to wrestle shit to floor! And keeping it thar ain't nothang.

Now listen hear! I'm itching to make you swallow your words live on Saturday Night'. I'm aiming for the audience and people in TV land all over America to go beserk with glee on Dec. 22 as they watch my female self conqu an IT like you. Take heed, take heed, take heed. Look at them guts in the picture again. You thank they want to be hanging thar?

I need that $1,000 to git me through some book larning at the Univ. of South Carolina. I'm working on my doctor's degree in education so you know I got a big brain. Heck, I've taught school for six years and I'm only 31 years being an old maid. Paw didn't raise no dumb childs.

Brains, muscles, I got em all. So why don't you give me a call at

You oughta see me in my wrestling suit; everythang I need to whoop you is packed into that suit. Ali's Rope A Dope can't come near my wrestling technique. Mine's called, "Going down on a HALF-WIT! " That is what you is, ain't it? Scared Andy, HUH? HUH? HUH? HUH?

South Carolina 29

Dear ANDY KAUFMAN

I HATE YOUR GUTS!

PROCESS

NBC Memo

12-5-79 Andy Kaufman

Total Received (25)

To Be Considered (2)

Rejects (23)

"Rejects attached"

GE-308 (12-77)

Tag Teaming with Andy Kaufman

by Bob Zmuda

I've often been asked how was it to collaborate with Andy Kaufman. What was the process like?

Well, the key was knowing his psychological imperatives. Helping to manifest those imperatives onstage was a large part of my job. Nothing illustrates this better than when Andy revealed his attraction to wrestling women.

It all started innocently enough, when I made an unannounced visit to Andy's place one afternoon. The curtains were drawn, and he took a long time to answer the door. When he finally did, I could see by the expression on his face that something was amiss. Something hidden. At first he struggled to talk about it, but then just decided to show me instead.

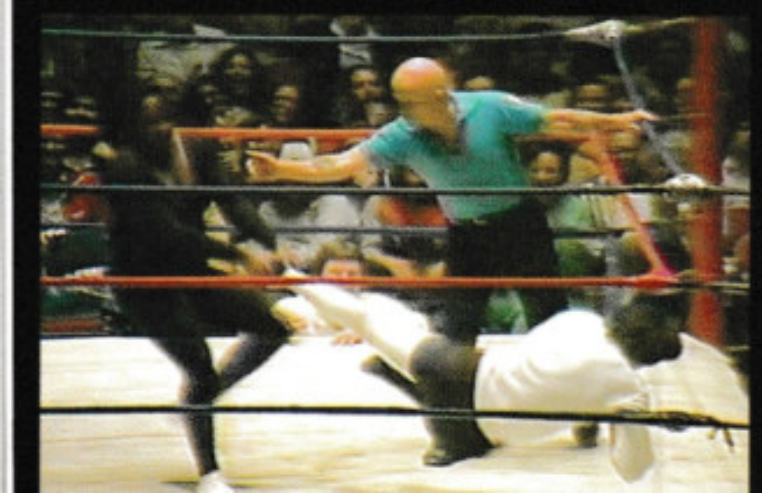
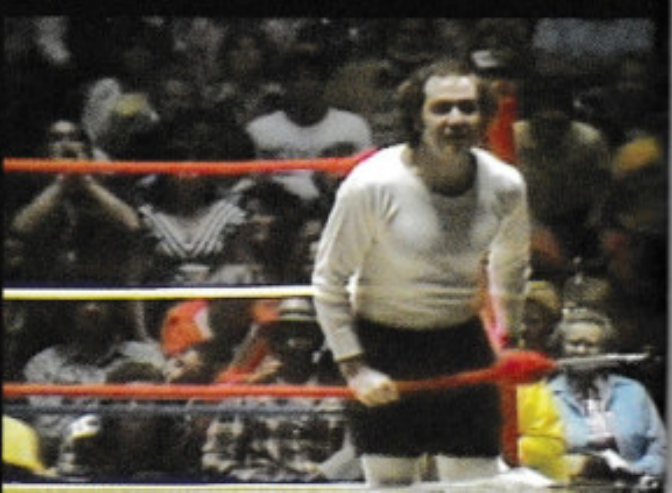
What he showed me was an 8mm film clip of two women wrestling in bathing suits.

A few weeks later, a few friends and I threw Andy a surprise birthday party. After Andy's arrival, I walked into his living room dressed in a referee's outfit, dragging a large wrestling mat behind me. Following me were two gorgeous girls dressed in bikinis, ready to wrestle each other for the grand prize: Andy. (Oh—and also $100, although I didn't tell the birthday boy that part.)

Two weeks later, the wrestling segment was in our road show. Three months after that, we staged it on NBC's *Saturday Night Live*. The letters started pouring in. The women hated him. Andy *loved* it.

—2009

(Bob Zmuda was Andy's writer, producer, and best friend.)

My Breakfast with Andy
by Lynne Margulies

In 1979, Andy Kaufman wrestled a woman on NBC's *Saturday Night Live* and, after disparaging the intelligence and abilities of all women, challenged women in the television audience to a similar wrestling match, offering to shave his head and pay $1,000 to the woman who could beat him. He later added that she would "get to marry him." In the following pages you'll see some of the hundreds of replies he received.

When I met Andy in 1982, he had stopped wrestling women and moved on to a larger moving target — Jerry "The King" Lawler. Andy had parlayed his intergender wrestling gimmick into a full-fledged "career" as a professional wrestler, which had been his lifelong dream. He and Lawler had already had several altercations, both verbal and physical, one of which had left Andy in a neck brace, culminating in the infamous *Late Night with David Letterman* appearance wherein Lawler gave Kaufman a tremendous slap to the floor in front of a national audience. (This is all chronicled in my documentary film, *I'm From Hollywood*.)

I came into the picture because my brother Johnny Legend had met Andy at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, where Johnny had regularly attended wrestling matches from the time he was a skinny kid — our mother would drive him there every week. Andy had come to the Olympic to meet the grand patriarch of professional wrestling, the fabulous "Classy" Freddie Blassie. Andy had idolized wrestlers since childhood; in fact, his entire act was based on the wrestler's credo of *the angrier and more rabid the audience gets, the more successful you are at your job*. Andy patterned his "bad guy" performance after 1950s East Coast wrestler "Nature Boy" Buddy Rodgers. Now that Andy lived in Los Angeles, he was out to meet his West Coast heroes. Johnny Legend and Blassie were old buddies. Freddy had recorded Johnny's songs "Pencil Neck Geek" and "Blassie, King of Men," which, it turned out, Andy had memorized, word for word.

Sometime after this meeting, Johnny and his partner, Linda Lautrec, somehow convinced Andy that it would be a great idea to do a satire on the pretentious art-house hit, *My Dinner With Andre*, calling it *My Breakfast With Blassie*. Johnny and Linda took Andy's interest at face value, put together a cut-rate crew, got a local Sambo's restaurant to agree to let them film there for free, got Fred on board and called Andy to tell him it was all set and ready to go. Amazingly, Andy showed up.

At this moment in time, I had been living in the woods in Northern California, having scorned my hometown of Los Angeles. I had no television set and hadn't stayed up to date with anything that was happening in the "outside" world, so I hadn't seen *Saturday Night Live*, *Taxi*, or any of the other shows where Andy had been famously "putting on" the entire human race. I'd never heard of the guy. But at this propitious moment, I had just decided to move back to L.A. I hadn't even unpacked my '63 Volkswagen Beetle, crammed full of my belongings, when I showed up at "the set" to see if I could be of any use.

I had long known Fred Blassie, having been raised from a pup under the auspices of Johnny Legend, who, early on, inducted me into the L.A. wrestling scene. Every week, Johnny and I watched the Olympic Auditorium matches on TV, and I was enthralled when inevitably Blassie would smash announcer Dick Lane's horn-rimmed glasses to the floor, grinding them under his heel. Johnny taught me some key wrestling moves, like the one where, with my hands planted on the floor, I kicked my legs into the air and landed my knee firmly on my opponent's throat. He took me to some of the matches at the Olympic too, so I had met Freddy when I was just a tot. But Andy Kaufman? Johnny told me (probably disgusted at my current ignorance of all things media), "Oh, he's some guy on TV."

It turned out that Sambo's had put us in their back room, and, with the place devoid of customers, Linda Lautrec, her sister Laura, Andy's friend Linda Mitchell and I were placed at a table behind Andy and Fred. We were told to "just eat and keep your voices down," so that's what we did. We forgot that they were shooting around us and just settled down to breakfast. At some point in the proceedings, Andy started talking to us with the cameras rolling, and we became active participants in the film. Somehow I ended up sitting at Andy and Fred's table for a bit and started riffing with Andy, playing off the fact that I honestly had never heard of him. We hit it off on camera, and, as it turned out, off camera as well. That was the beginning of my swift but amazing two years spent with the hurricane that was Andy Kaufman.

I quickly caught up with his career. I found his performance art amazing—right up my alley. Luckily for me, when I met him he was starting to travel regularly to Memphis to get his "revenge" on Jerry Lawler, and I went with him most of the time. Being a wrestling aficionado myself, I was having a blast. Life with Andy was crazy. We'd stay up all night going to restaurants and pinball arcades, go to bed after dawn and get up as the sun was setting. There was a period when I didn't see daylight for two weeks.

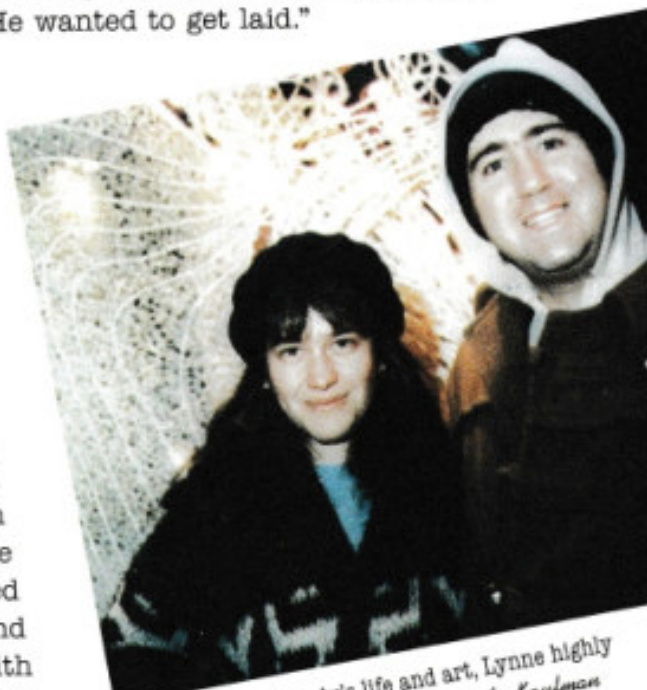
I wasn't around for Andy's intergender wrestling heyday—that happened earlier and was Bob Zmuda's territory. According to Bob, he and Andy would go through the letters he received from women challenging him to wrestle, they'd pick the cutest ones, and then Bob would book a college performance for Andy in their town.

Gee, what a coincidence! You write Andy Kaufman a letter, and soon thereafter he's performing in your town! Bob claims Andy bedded 70 percent of them. Could be true, I don't know. I do know that Andy and Bob had a blast traveling around the country together, screwing with women in both senses of the word.

So why did Andy start wrestling women in the first place? In his own words: "I'm not really a wrestler. Through the last couple of years that I've been doing it in my concerts, I've learned a lot about it by just doing it. But I wanted to recapture the old days of the carnivals...before television, you know, wrestlers used to go from town to town in carnivals and offer $500 to any man who could last in the ring with them for three minutes. So I figured if I could make it like a prize, and make it a contest, it could get very, very exciting. And it turned out to be one of the highlights, one of the most exciting parts of the concert. But I couldn't very well challenge a man in the audience, because I'd get beaten right away. I mean, most men are bigger than me, and stronger than me. So I figured if I challenged women, there are enough women who are almost as big or as big as me who would have a good chance to beat me. Whenever I play a role, whether it's good or bad, an evil person or a nice person, I believe in being a purist and going all the way with the role. If I'm going to be a villainous wrestler, I believe in going all the way with it, I believe in playing it straight to the hilt." In Bob Zmuda's words, "He wanted to get laid."

I think both are equally correct.

When Andy appeared on *Saturday Night Live*, wrestled a woman from the audience, then challenged women around the country by mocking them with, "Why don't you go back to the kitchen where you belong, wash the pots and pans, scrub the potatoes and raise the little babies," well, some women got the joke, but the majority of them hated his guts. The letters came in by the hundreds. Andy saved them all, and had them in manila folders labeled with such categories such as *Rejects* and *Possibles*. He intended to publish them in a book. Andy passed away from a rare form of cancer in 1984, and I've been lugging this box of letters around with me from home to home, storage unit to storage unit, for the past 25 years. I'm very happy to be able to finally fulfill his wish.



For more about Andy's life and art, Lynne highly recommends Bob Zmuda's book *Andy Kaufman Revealed: Best Friend Tells All*, and, of course, the aforementioned documentary, *I'm From Hollywood*, available on DVD.

Lynne Margulies is an artist and filmmaker, and was fortunate to have shared a couple of wild years with Andy Kaufman.

Very sincere thanks to Lynne's pal Dave Shulman, without whom you wouldn't be reading this.

In 1979, Andy Kaufman wrestled a woman on national television.

After verbally questioning the intelligence and abilities of ALL women, he then challenged any woman to a wrestling match, offering to shave his head and pay $1000 to the woman who could beat him.

Following are a few of the hundreds of replies he received.

Ferd B.

Prospect, Ky. 40059

Dear Andy K.,

I am the undefeated heavyweight wrestling champion of Prospect, Kentucky. The enclosed photo shows me in a recent match with the current Ohio champion (Mendel Fishberg).

As my record indicates, I am invincible. I'll pin your pig ears to the corn silo.

Love,

Cathy

The Ballad of Big D, Little E, Double B, I, E

I am woman - hear me roar
I love blood and guts and gore
Andy Kaufman is no wrestling match for me

He will see we're not all nerds
He will humbly eat his words
And he'll beg for mercy down on bended knee

When I pin him to the ground
With his cockiness unwound
We will see who scores the final victory

I am woman - hear me roar
With vigor too great to ignore
Andy Kaufman is the sure bet to concede.

December 10, 1979

To Whom It May Concern:

I am ready to meet Mr. Kaufman's challenge. Though I have never competed in a "real" wrestling match, per se, I think you'll find me a formidable foe. I possess considerable stamina and willpower. Among my strategies is a pre-match mass consumption of garlic and the absence of bathing for two full weeks. I am hoping this will substitute any vigor I may lack.

The $1000 winner's purse would certainly spur me on to victory since, at the present time, I am in dire straits financially. Please consider me an eager opponent and allow me to represent the women all across America who are incensed at Mr. Kaufman's arrogance. I remain,

Respectfully yours,
Debbie

Andy Kaufman
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Station
New York, NY 10019

Dear Turkey Kaufman;

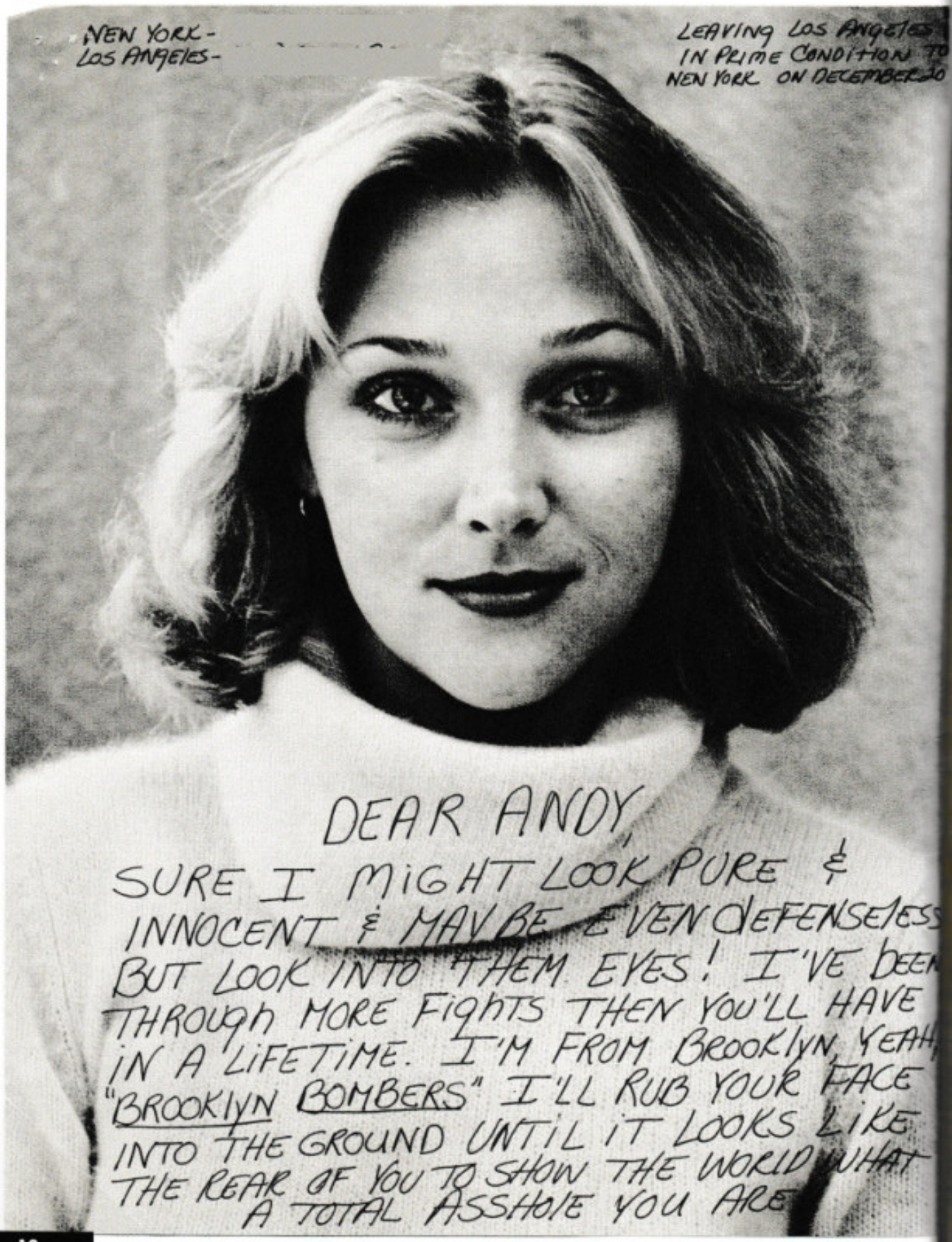
I can understand why you can't find a woman who can beat you. That's because You stick to Yankee Women. Everybody knows that all the tough broads live down here in the deep South! There are many women here in Southern Mississippi who could whip yo' butt, but I'm the toughest.

You might want my qualifications. I've spent the last four years of my life building destroyers for the U. S. Navy in Pascagoula. During that time I've been through two husbands and my electrician apprenticeship. All the guys at the shipyard call me "Brickhouse" (or "Brick" for short). When they get fresh, I hit them over the head with my fifty-pound tool box.

If you're serious about your offer, Cough-man, you just contact me, Sheryll "Brick-house" Holzapfel down in the deep south!

Yo ASS is grass!,

Sheryll


NEW YORK-
LOS ANGELES-
LEAVING LOS ANGELES
IN PRIME CONDITION TO
NEW YORK ON DECEMBER 30
DEAR ANDY,
SURE I MIGHT LOOK PURE &
INNOCENT & MAYBE EVEN DEFENSELESS
BUT LOOK INTO THEM EYES! I'VE BEEN
THROUGH MORE FIGHTS THEN YOU'LL HAVE
IN A LIFETIME. I'M FROM BROOKLYN, YEAH,
"BROOKLYN BOMBERS" I'LL RUB YOUR FACE
INTO THE GROUND UNTIL IT LOOKS LIKE
THE REAR OF YOU TO SHOW THE WORLD WHAT
A TOTAL ASSHOLE YOU ARE

VIDEO
EREO
N

Western Flyer Chief

Lewisville, Texas 75056
November 26, 1979

Dear Mr. Kaufman:

On behalf of the women of America, I accept your challenge to a wrestling match. You need a lesson taught and I'm the woman to do it. I am a weight lifter, runner, student, mother, wife, homemaker and conqueror of male chauvinist whimps like you.

You look like a "before" picture in a Charles Atlas ad, you spineless mollusk!

I'm looking forward to December 22nd and to squashing your nose into the mat. I am prepared (above photo)! Are you?

Thank you betti much,

Debe

Debe (Ms.)

Age: 26
Weight: 125 lbs.
Height: 5'6"
Measurements: N.O.Y.B.

November 19, 1979

Wrestle Andy Kaufman Contest

Karen R

Charlotte NC 28211

Telephone:

Statistics:
DOB: 02/04/54
HEIGHT: 5' 3½"
WEIGHT: 105 lbs.

SO Kaufman, you have called a challenge for a "match" against any woman to take you on in wrestling. You think you are such a "macho man" that no woman can come close to your strength. You actually are so small minded to think that woman have no brains and are only functional for having babies and to clean the house. Well Kaufman, "Mr. Macho", you have met your match and I swear by the anger of Susi Kaplow and the unshaven legs of Susan B. Anthony that I can and will defeat you. I will prove, beyond the shadow that falls underneath Bobby Riggs' toupee, that you are nothing more than a spineless debased tremulous ass! I will smear your face all across that canvas until it reflects the name of the potato dish you so poorly portray on TV. You will eat your words Kaufman and millions of women and men will applaud me. God, in Her grace will savor my victory! Believe me Kaufman, when I'm through with you, you won't be able to do your lousy imitation of Elvis because your voice will permanently be 10 octaves higher. Yes Kaufman, you will NEVER be able to do another gig in public again because I will totally humiliate you. In essense Kaufman, you have met your match and you are finished, i.e., el through-o!

Now, don't let my size fool you. I am one hundred and five pounds of pure power unmatched in any form. As can be seen by the enclosed picture I am stupendous. I am pictured here with the head of my last opponent, Jake Jabosky. Now, Mr. Jabosky WAS a 350 pound chicken farmer from Topeka, Kansas. He had the audacity to mock me by wearing a chicken suit into the match to torment me. But I, the "Unknown Wrestler" (my trademark) turned into power!!! I wrung his neck like the chicken he really was. Needless to say I sent his remains back to Topeka and he is now being used as feed for pernicious hamsters. His chicken head is permanently mounted on the front of my car as a trophy. I promise by the staples in Larry Flint's belly button that I will do the same to you. The "Unknown Wrestler" will be the winner. And you, will be tied by the jock strap that is evidently to large for you and thrown out of New York. PRAISE HER LORD! Hell, I am willing to bet that a group of 85 year old Woman For Reagan (God knows they have to be weak) could beat you with both hands behind their backs. You Kaufman will be spouting the last of your malefic malediction (look it up retard). I will destroy you.

If I'm not picked I will know that the only reason is because you are a megalomaniaic afraid to face the truth. That's right AFRAID. Afraid of me. Afraid to be beaten by a woman. Afraid to be seen as a weakling before millions of Americans. You are a COWARD when it comes to facing me and you and I both know it.

So, Kaufman Here Is YOUR CHANCE! Don't blow it. Face the"Unknown Wrestler" and learn the agony of defeat. That is if you are man enough to take MY CHALLENGE. I will make mincemeat of you. Your days are numbered for I and I alone will be victorious!!!!!!

Signed,
The Unknown Wrestler
Karen R.

To: Andy Kaufman

I think Andy is a sissy. If he wasn't he wouldn't be wrestling women? I'm a 27 year old woman, a mother of a three year old girl. I know that if I can't handle my daughter he would have to be crazy. If I can join Andy Kaufman because I am woman enough to do the job. I hope he has a new razor ready to shave. Ha

Please mail back. Thank
a print my

12/12/79

Notes from a Sensuous Woman

Dear Mr. Kaufman,

Enclosed please find two photo
of myself taken a month ago. Yo
woman can't beat you in wrestlin
can and know I can. If you
to try and prove your point, I
definitely give you my best and
see who comes out on top. Don't
and let the best wrestler win. I want
to prove the woman's point that we are equal
ities, and I feel highly qual-
this to many people.

contact me, I will be your
and we will certainly have
good time!

possible, I have enclosed
self addred envelope to send
back in. If not possible it's
you for your time.

Sincerely,
Kaor J.

Andy,

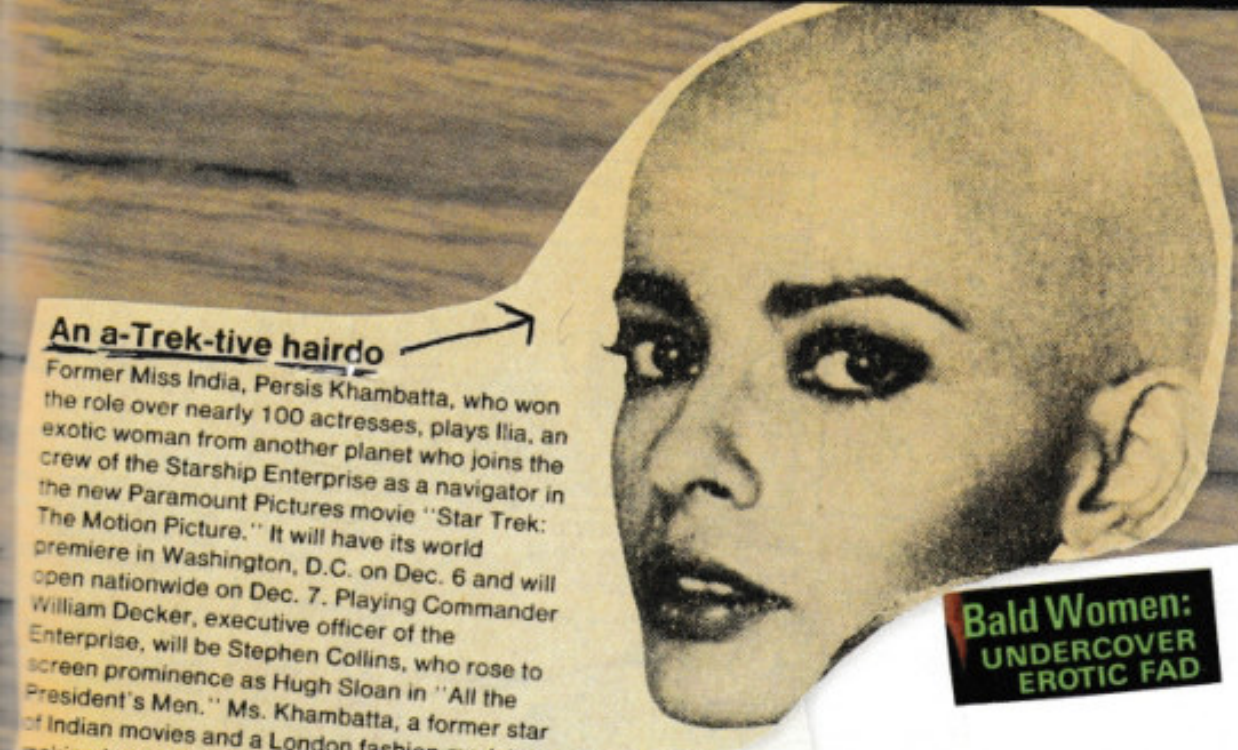
Are you going to shave the chick's head if you beat her? That would really be something!

I've seen bald women in Porno mags and they're kind of kinky!

And then there's the slick-domed Lt. Illia in the upcoming "Star Trek" movie...

Do it! Shave her head! Shave it ALL off!!

Todd
Sylvania, Ohio



An a-Trek-tive hairdo

Former Miss India, Persis Khambatta, who won the role over nearly 100 actresses, plays Ilia, an exotic woman from another planet who joins the crew of the Starship Enterprise as a navigator in the new Paramount Pictures movie "Star Trek: The Motion Picture." It will have its world premiere in Washington, D.C. on Dec. 6 and will open nationwide on Dec. 7. Playing Commander William Decker, executive officer of the Enterprise, will be Stephen Collins, who rose to screen prominence as Hugh Sloan in "All the President's Men." Ms. Khambatta, a former star of Indian movies and a London fashion model, is making her Hollywood big-screen debut in this picture. She had to shave her head for her extraplanetary exploits.

Bald Women: UNDERCOVER EROTIC FAD

88 BALD WOMEN *By T.R. Witomski.*
Nude heads may be a fad today . . . but tomorrow? Will long silky tresses go the way of mini-skirts?

GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS, KAUFMAN?

LOOKS GOOD, HUH, KAUFMAN?

BE SURE TO GIVE YOUR CHALLENGER A GOOD SHAVE WHEN YOU BEAT HER!

WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO IT — WE WANT BALD WOMEN!

WE WANT BALD WOMEN!

P.S. ASK DIANA [illegible]

Todd
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Come on, now —

Don't let me scare you away!

here's a quarter —
; call collect!!

Dear Andy Kaufman, December 4, 1979

As you can see by my picture I'm not big on brains (that's why I like Saturday Night Live) but I am big on brawn. Want to tussle a farm girl?

Janine

Bradford, N.Y. 14815

Dear Mr. Kaufman,

I heard your statement on Saturday Night Live and could not possibly believe that you think you can beat any woman in a wrestlin match. You must be insane, your nothing but a scrawny little stick man. You have no meat on your body, your just flesh and bones, why I could whip you in nothing flat. So if you would like to lose your money go ahead and pick me, you male chauvenist pig you. I dare you.

Mrs. Donna (The Bruiser)

Hibbing Mn. 55746

I'd love to wrestle Andy Kaufman. It'll probably be the closest I get to a man all year.

Sincerely,
Desperate.

Desperate Doris
Marietta, Ga. 30060

TOLL FREE
(call anytime)

Season's Greetings
&
a challenge to

Stanley Kaufman, obnoxious throwback to the Ayatollah and Attila the Hun.

This is Pittsburgh's answer to the likes of you. My name is Leyla; I am 5'10" and 150 lbs. What you see in the picture is the end of another friendly housemeeting as to who gets dish washing duty this week.

In our cooperative the men have evolved light years ahead of the miscreant behavior you exhibit. Evolution is on my side, you creep.

See ya'

Leyla

PGH. PA. 15206

Please find inclosed a photograph taken after your inaine proposal. RSVP

I challenge you

lucky if you can even pick yourself

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT
PAUL CANTOR ENT. LT
174 S. BEVERLY DRI
BEVERLY HILLS, CA.

BOBBIE

Nov. 19

Dear Andy Kaufman,

The show I am with can't get work — so now I'm in L.A. considering the straight life. It sticks.

I work from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. in a donut shop. From 11 a.m. to 5 P.M. in a department store selling books. I work from 7 a.m. to 6 P.M. on Saturdays and Sundays in a dog kennel shoveling ka-ka. The whole enchilada at 3 bucks an hour. After taxes that comes to about 9.ᴇᴇ a week.

Who am I kidding?

I'd wrestle the Loch Ness monster for a chance to get outta this.

Besides, my parents live in New Jersey and it would be a chance to be home for the first time in over a year. Christmas away is soul-shattering

Dear Mr. Hoffman,

I watch Taxi every night on Tuesday. And I was watching Saturday Night Live, and I heard your remark about Ladies being stupid and couldn't fight, well I might be 11 years old but I chalenge you and me in a fighting ring together and I whip you so bad I'll teach you to keep your smart mouth shut about women. But I heard you say the first ladie to beat ~~him~~ you fighting will get $1000 and if

I beat you fighting
like but that money
in my school ed.
Here is a picture of
me, just like you ordered

Sincerely,
Rita Sherman

Kaufman you miserable wimp,

Despite your obviously degenerate genetic characteristics
the obscenely flabby state of your physical body, you talk a ve
brave fight out there before the TV cameras, protected as you a
by the studio security personnel that guard you from the righte
Some of us know the truth, thoug
rooftops, to denounce you a

I WON!!!...
(12-22-79)
... @*!$, She MADE MY head Split IN TWO AND NOW I LOOK LIKE that guy FROM Taxi...
... OWIE... OH, HERE COME the clippers...
I Quit show business
... WHO AM I & where AM I, ANYWAY

To Andy - You Pig

I am woman -
You're a bore
and I'll pin you to
and I'm so rough
you once again.
'Cause I heard you
and I don't wanna
to your woman s
gonna put an end

Dear Andy,

WRESTLing You will be
Like COUNTing Sheep. If
I can beat "Gumby" I can
beat You!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
YOUR FRIEND

yah!

Andy

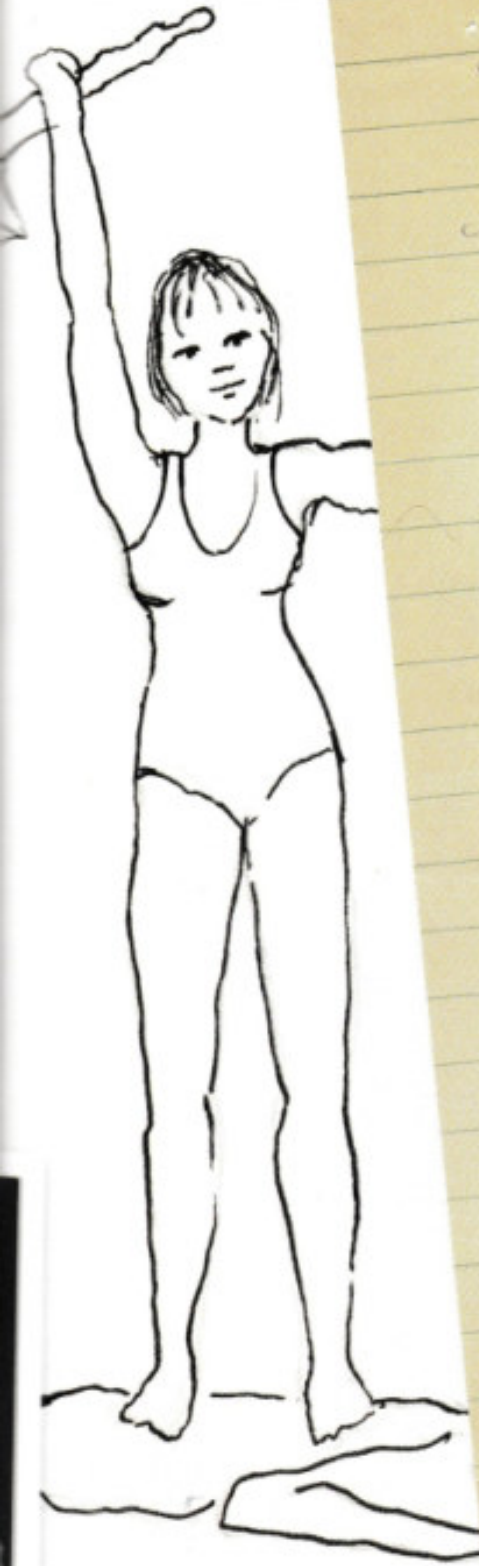
P.S. I was even a mean baby.

My name is Lady Lepper

My address is

Wichita, Kansas
67214

Andy is a ...



" AS MY INSTA

C'MON ANDY I Dare Ya.

Kaufman -

I must say that, after seeing your announcement via satellite, I would enjoy nothing more in this entire galaxy than to come to the defense of all female species by pulverizing you on nationwide T.V.

I will be residing at the above address with some dear Earth friends by the time this arrives to you, but give me just one phone call, you creep, and I will be on the next flying apparatus to New York. I am:

21000 ions (23 earth years of age)
108 belzoons (5 foot 5 inches in height)
27¾ shmaltzlas (118 pounds)

my record:

- undefeated at Remulac High
- undefeated in Remulac Junior College
- undefeated so far this year (Powder-Puff Wrestling Team)

Hope you have the guts to take me on -

Laurie

Hey! Kaufman!

I know I can pin you! Why? Because I don't think you have the brains to pin me!

At your recent Seattle concert, I went up on stage hoping to be chosen to pin you (notice the positive attitude), but I was not picked. That's okay. It wasn't in the stars.

So when you came on "Saturday Night Live" with invitation to females, it opened up another opportunity to whip yo' ass.

November 21, 1979

Saturday Night Live
c/o Andy Kaufman --Wrestling
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Station
New York, New York 10019

Dear Mr. Kaufman,

Nothing could be more tasteless [illegible] on the Dinah Shore Show, so your wrest[illegible] women does not surprise me as being tasteless. I think your best opponent would be Dinah Shore as she would probably love to pound a few lumps in your head. Alas, I know that that is not possible as she is too old and you're not as good looking as Burt Reynolds.

Therefore, I know that I AM THE opponent to fight you. I will represent her in behalf of the abused middle aged women in this country. I am 28 years old, but I really "feel" for women over 40 because women are considered over the hill once they reach 40 in our society. Personally, I think you're a woman hater and a chauvinist pig.

I will wrestle you ANYWHERE -- ANYTIME. I will challenge you in a kitchen. I will put your head in a meat grinder or else in a microwave oven so your brain will explode inside out. Maybe we could knead some bread or roll out pie dough as to see who is the strongest physically. It takes a lot of strength and stamina to do this. No, I am not a sicky. I am a respected dental assistant. You are cute by the way, even if you are a sadistic moron.

If this is a real honest to goodness wrestling match, please feel free to contact me --

Ann [illegible] Phone #:

Worth, Illinois 60482 (suburb of Chicago)

Please keep my name confidential, I'd rather be known as Tootsie Larooski. I'm very proud of my Polish heritage.

Regards,

Tootsie

Enc.

Mr. Andy Kaufman,

i accept your wrestling challenge. Of course, i can cook up a 10-course meal with my left hand, while i dust off the frame of my P.h.d. with my right hand and scrub the kitchen

floor with my feet. But i can wrestle! Woman are naturally better at wrestling than men, and i am the meanest, brainiest woman to ever wield a pan. Even panless, ill take you down in a matter of seconds. Now that ive accepted your challenge, can you accept mine?

Sheila

ALTHOUGH I'M ONLY 5'7", 115 lbs. AND CUTE AS A BUTTON, I CAN BEAT HIM BECAUSE I HAVE STOMACH HAIR! THESE ARE NOT YOUR EVERYDAY STRANDS, BUT WILD AND KRAZY HAIRS. I CAN KEEP THAT NURD-FACE OFF THE VIDEO-WAVES FOR GOOD, NO SWEAT.

SHERRY

SAN JOSE, CA. 95129

December 10, 1979

Mr. Andy Kaufman
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Music Hall
New York, New York 100

Dear Mr. Kaufman:

Yes. I am one of those women who lifts weights---one of those women who also has an adverse reaction to men who tend to be what one might call "terribly male-defined". I can relate to that, though, as I define myself along those same lines. But it's okay for a woman, you see.

I have a sense of humor, unlike most "radical feminists". I am also very attractive.

So, Andy, if you want to fight, I could hold you down--- you know, get out a bit of my stored-up anger. I could also get a few laughs (at your expense, of course).

In any case, I've had experience playing before crowds. Take that any way you like. I love attention, applause, and wrestling (the latter, with women).

I'll take you, Kaufman. Anything's worth a shot. Hey, I live right down the street ...

Ron

DM IA 50311

COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHIC MEDICINE AND SURGERY
DES MOINES IOWA

Dear Andy Kaufman —
You were cute as a Robut Butler, funny as a Check TAXI Driver, But now you are outright profound as the "Male Whiplash." You may simply be doing your stchick but I find the message long overdue.

Todays Man's problem with womens Lib is simply, as men we've been liberalized into being Pusswads.

What Todays MAN fails to realize is that the traditional male/female roles were not developed by shear accident or out of evil plot to subordinate women. Rather this is the result of several million years of Natural selection. As usual Modern Man is learning (just as he has with pollution) what folly it is to fuck with Mother Nature.

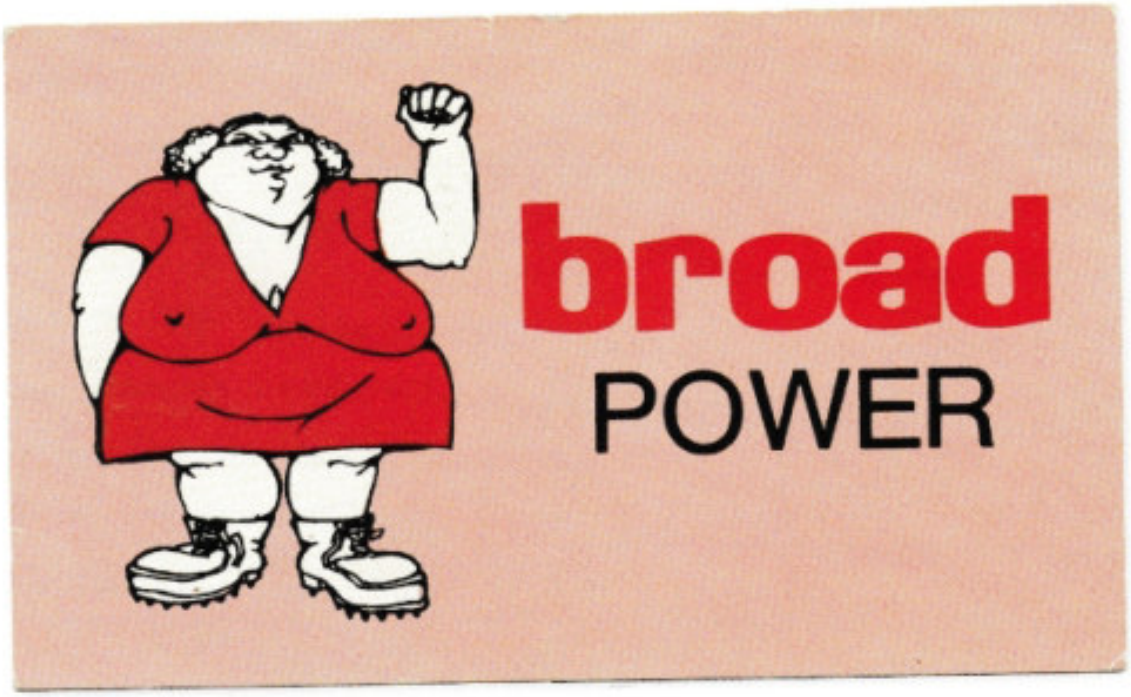
Medical Science has long known that there are definate physiological differences between the male/female Brains.

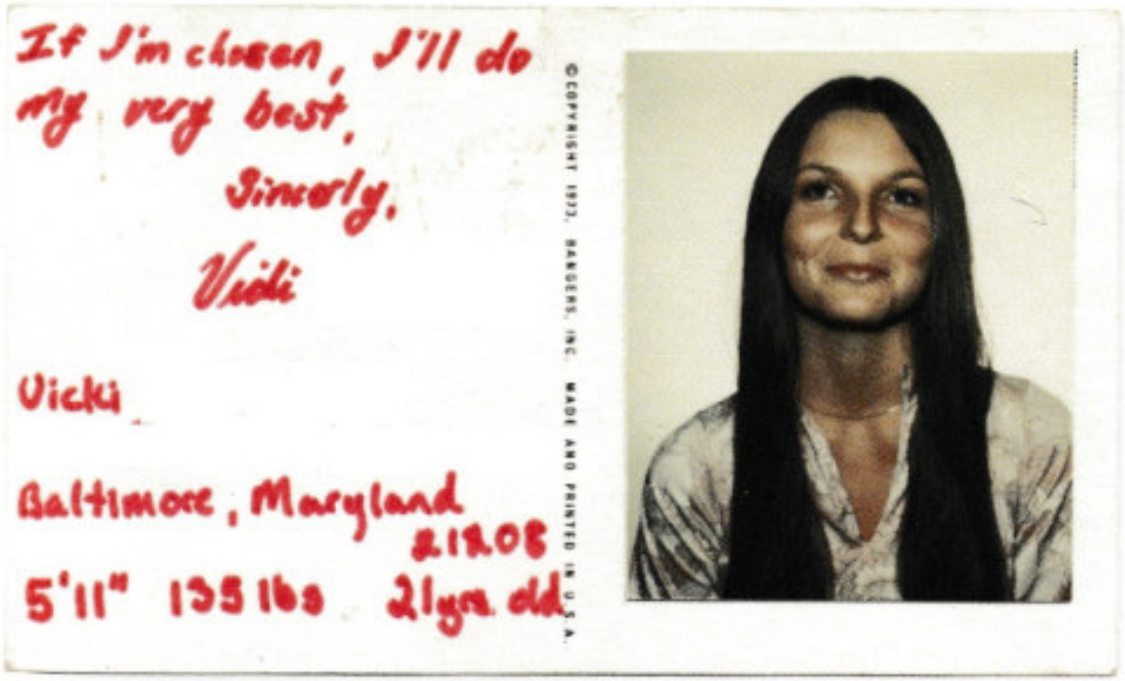
Any student of human behavior will readily admit that there are striking variances in male/female behavior — it simply Ain't all Socialized.

Modern man has taking quite an unfair beating at the hands of feminists. I am glad that you have demonstrated the guts to voice your somewhat true but whimsical statement of todays woman.

In short - Thank you for stepping foward - And beat the hell out of that girl for MANkinds sake.

Sincerely,
Ron


broad
POWER


If I'm chosen, I'll do
my very best.
Sincerly,
Vicki
Vicki
Baltimore, Maryland
21208
5'11" 135 lbs 21yrs old
©COPYRIGHT 1973. BARGERS, INC. MADE AND PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Dear Andy,
you haven't wrestled
till you wrestle the "cleveland
crunches" Esther Shuster.

Good luck!

K.

UNIVERSITY HTS., OH 44118

ANDY KAU

BE

I ACCEPT

YOUR

CHALLENGE!

FMAN

WARE

OU'VE GOT TO BE TOUGH!

BE WATCHING.

VITA

Esther Schuster

Cleveland, Ohio 44118

SIGN	Scorpion
AURA	Very Pretty
BIRTH	Born to poor unspecting immigrant parents in the small town of Buffalo N.Y., 1951
HEIGHT	From 21 inches to 66½ inches
WEIGHT	7 lbs. 2oz to 140 lbs.
EYE COLOR	Hazel
OCCUPATION	Psychiatric Social Worker

December 15, 1979

Mr. Andy Kaufman
Radio City Station
Box 860
New York, New York
10019

Dear Mr. Kaufman:

Esther Schuster, (Cleveland social-worker), would like to meet your wrestling challenge. She has two towel boys and sponsors.

Cleveland needs a boost and this is just what we need.

Please consider Esther Schuster.

Thank you.

Jacqueline /
Jacqueline

A DAY IN THE LIFE

OF ESTHER SCHUSTER

Sensitive, thoughtful, at peace with the world..... spaced out!

Bright, young intellectual... studying mind control and the supernatural

.... On her way to the gym

Andy Kaufman,

I challenge

YOU

I am 5'4" and
(and 27 years old)
I believe I could successfully
defeat Mr. Kaufman. For the past
three years I have been a nurse
on the orthopedics ward of a hospital,
really building up my muscles slinging
those casts, wheelchairs, and patients
around. I have also had to restrain
psychiatric patients which would be
very helpful in Mr. Kaufman's case.
Also, if I should lose, I already
know how to use crutches.

I'm enclosing a

19 Nov 99

Mr Kaufman, Oklahoma City

My name is Diana

And The Other Pictured in Black, pink + Green is Sonja. of Arkansas.

Were Soilders in the US. Army.

64 Charlies → Truck Drivers. Stationed At Fort Lewis, WA. 9th S+T Brad.

What I'm Trying to Say is,

Not only CAN I cook, Sew,

Have Babies And Make love.

I CAN Shoot My M-16 Day

or Night And not miss my target!

Also I CAN Woop Ass on

you ON any of my Bad Days. I

And I don't ever have A good one.

Think About it Fatty.

Nov. 12, 1979

Dear Andy

I want to know ~~if~~ if
11 eleven year old kids can
wrestle you. Because this
chance may never come back
so don't go back in your
den come back out and
fight a 11 year old ~~Boy~~ boy
if you have the guts.

From the: killer

Nov. 22/79

To: Andy Kaufman,
your an old fashioned
fogey. Give me a chance
and I could wrestle you
and win, until you cry and
plead with me for mercy
I am a punk woman
and I intend to overtake you.

Diane "Teazer"

Unionville, Ontario,
Canada, L3R-1A6

(Toronto)

NAME: SHAWNA
ADDRESS:
Youngstown, Ohio
OCCUPATION: VOCALIST & DESIGNING FASH
HEIGHT: 6'
WEIGHT: 146

19 November, 1979

Dear Mr. A. Kaufman,

I know you only asked for women to write in but you are only showing that you're just a "Fag." Men Already know that they are smarter than women. Aren't you man enough to challenge another man, or maybe you were a woman at birth and had a sex transplant?

I challenge you to a wrestling match. Are you one of those guys who think they are macho but are just a "Big Pussy" in Pealty. I would like to know how you can call yourself a "Man?!" (Answer my questions on the next show if you're man enough to "FAG BAIT?!") Why don't you and your friends (Fags) go back into hiding? If, you're man enough, you will accept my challenge, and if you do not , I will know what you are.

The "MAN" Who can kick your ass,

Carl S.

San Antonio, Tx. 78237

ccept my challenge, I will eve let our purse to make it fair.

, HA, HA, HA.

Andy Kaufman
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Station
New York, N.Y.
10019

Dear Mr Kaufman,

With no formal training in physical culture, but with brains to spare, I know I can beat you wrestling.

I am a high school English teacher, feminist, union activist, Bob Dylan fan, entrepreneur in the combat zone.

I stand five feet tall, weigh about 100 pounds. It's all strength. You can see from recent photos that I can look like a pussycat — or — the real me.

Saturday Nite Live would have to pay all my expenses but I'm willing to forfeit the $1000.00

victory money just for the glory of defeating you.

I am married, have no children (none planned or on the way), am thirty-seven but look younger. I'm a natural blond with blue eyes. My measurements have been the same for years: 32 - 24 - 34. I'm in good health, excellent fighting condition.

Because I also have stage presence and a good sense of humor, I could smooth over your disgruntlement at losing, with some clever, yet soothing remarks.

Even though you will lose, I'll still be your fan, as I have been since first I saw you.

I'm the one !!!!

Kristy J

home:

work:

DEC 4 1979

I THINK i can WRESTLE ANDY KAUFMAN. CAUSE i can BEAT & RIP UP any old guy. NO MATTER who. I WILL GET him & RIP him UP SO good. THAT HE CAN'T EAT, SLEEP, TALK OR WALK ANYMORE. SO IF I am THE ONE who WILL BE ON SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE REMEMBER KAUFMAN i WILL CREAM YOU good. GIVE ME ANY body i WILL GET THEM good i am a REAL good FIGHTER

Good Humor Corporation

800 SYLVAN AVENUE • ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, NEW JERSEY 07632 • TEL. 567-8000

Linda

Northridge CA 91325

Andy Kaufman
PO Box 860
Radio City Station
New York, New York 10019

Dear Andy:

Using a utilitarian philosophy, your choice on who to fight ought to result in producing the greatest good for the greatest number of people. Thus, you should fight me. You see, people have been trying to beat me up, or generally do away with me for 19 years. You would promote utility by bringing happiness to all these people. Since I'm only 5'4" and a scarce 92 pounds, one quick punch could do it.

It is hard to say how many people you would bring pleasure to by fighting me. They range from several schoolyard bullies, to nurses who would purposefully break needles in me, to firemen who rescued my cat but left me in the tree. And those are just the ones I know of; there are countless others I have never discovered.

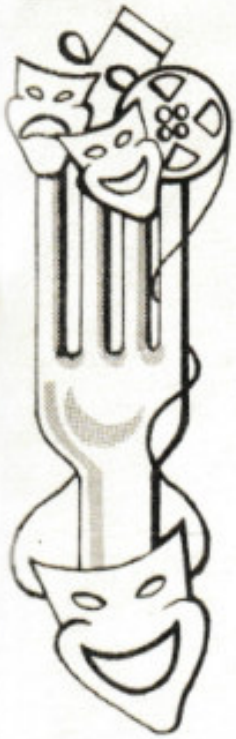
Even my parents consistently tried to get rid of me. As the articles I've inclosed show, my family seemed to misplace me as often as possible.

I've been fighting back all this time, which has begun to weigh heavily on my conscience. I offer you a chance to bring happiness to many, and help me to be at peace with my philosophy.

Sincerely,
Linda
Linda

Los Angeles—An infant girl crawled safely to her hom yesterday after being mis ing for four months. Lit Linda was reporte missing last July 12th, f the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lenhoff in metropoli Los Angeles. According to the child's mother, Tessie the infant was last seen securely seated in a play- pen in the 's back yard. "Then I turned arou and noticed that the gate was unlatched and the dog was gone." Police contend that either Linda followed the dog out, or that she was dragged out by the har- ness leash she sometimes shares with the dog.

Doctors report that Linda survived on berries, earthworms, and "other things she picked up in the gutter." Also found stuck to the baby's clothes were several



"Fork"

West Seneca, New York 14224
November 23, 1979

Andy Kaufman
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Station

Andy,

I won't dignify you by a salutation with a 'dear' in it! I want to wrestle you on television. I was born and reared on farms all of my life. I have been dealing with 'animals' all of my life. I have slopped and wrestled with pigs on many occasions. It would be nothing new to wrestle one more "pig" on television...I would even give you the advantage of greasing your body, although you appear to be greasy enough as it is! By the way, I don't have three-heads, it's just a picture!

In training to whip your _____,

Shawne M

Shawne M.

... I know that I can beat YOU, Andy Kaufman, at wrestling because I am much, MUCH, MUCH, smarter than YOU!! ooo I am going to a UNIVERSITY to become an ANIMAL BEHAVIORIST - NOT a COMEDIAN (cheap, boo-hiss), therefore I KNOW I can & WILL beat YOU!!!!!! I am, also, better than you! What do you say to that?! Women are NOT, I repeat NOT, made for the kitchen, housework, etc!! Women are EQUAL, if not BETTER, than MEN - especially MALE CHAUVINIST PIGS like yourself!! So - just challenge me - I DARE YOU, because I AM NOT AFRAID, ARE YOU ?!?!?

Love & happiness,
Carolyn R. Age 16

Houston, Texas
77025

P.S. I am & going to be BETTER than you ARE, HAVE BEEN, OR EVER

I hope you have Alot of money Because I'm shore there's Alot of women out there Who Can Kick your Butt.

and address

congratulations - weight 325 lbs. Can't stand superior thinking, male chauvenist pig types.

Hey Jerk!
ALL men stink - especially you! I don't think you can beat me because I would pin you in the first round. I don't need to Lift weights because the only thing I need to Lift is your hair in a bag and $1000. You better send me that plane ticket real soon. You think you're real Tough but you won't be so tough when I finish with you. So - you ticket fast

Nov. 18th

Dear Mr. Kaufman,

I could beat you in any Wrestling match, once on week days and twice on Sunday. The REASON I'd like to wrestle you is so I can prove to you that Women have more brains than men do! I'm 18 years old, 5'ft. 6"in. tall and weigh 210 lb. I work out daily with bells and you said you would even take on the ones that did that, too. I hope to hear you soon!

Sincerly,
Becky

11-17-79

Andy Kaufman,

I agree that men can take most woman, but I'm tired of hearing you shoot of your mouth and I think it's time some one shut you up. Your a nice person, but you have one hell of a mouth. I challange you to a wrestling match. Little ole me against you.

Sincerly

12-4-79

Dear Andy;

I can beat you because of an infamous wrestling hold I use. The Tickler.

And I would love to see a man "Kauf" - up $1,000, and get the shaving of his life.

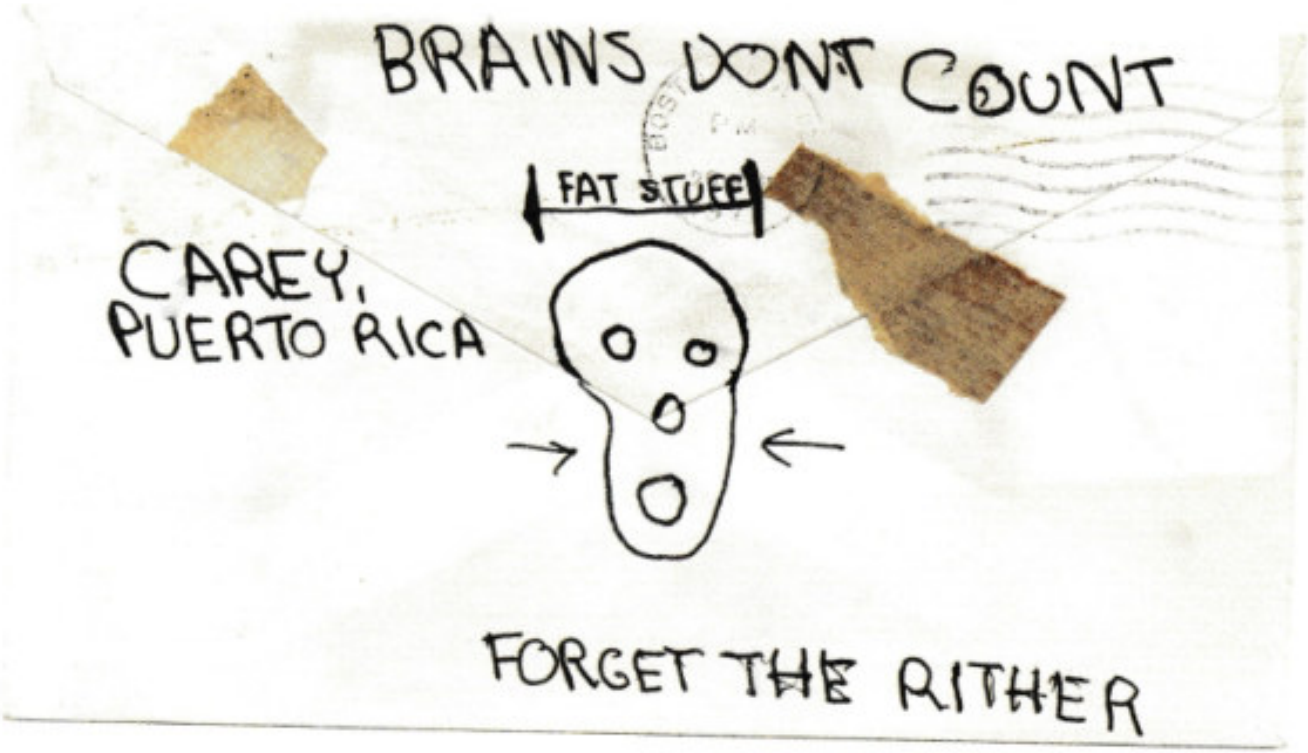
You'll need an ambulance to taxi you off the stage when the match is over.

Have a good day.

Sincerely,

Rita

YOU
WONT
KNOW
WHAT
HIT
YOU



I kin WHOP th' livin' **** outta you but you're too Cute to die.

P.S. Tell Gilder I'a Give ya what ya deserve

W.L.

Becky

11/18/79

DEAR MR. KAUFMAN,

YOU ARE AN INANE DRONE. BEING A RATHER ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY OF TWENTY, I HAVE, OF NECESSITY, BECOME AN EXPERT WRESTLER. THEREFORE, I HEREBY ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE, AND MOREOVER, WILL PIN YOU IN SIXTY SECONDS.

SINCERELY,

Rebecca A.

Katherine

Dear Andy,
I'm beautiful, smart, & kind.
The best you're gonna find.
If it's your mind you're gonna use,
It's your behind you're going to lose!

Statistics

Age: 30 Weight: 110 lbs
Height: 5 ft. 4 in. Married; 2 children
Measurements: 37-25-36

Dear Mr. Kauffman,

I can beat you in wrestling! My qualifications are being a housewife and a mother of three boys that I wrestle from dawn to dusk. And believe me I don't have ordinary boys. My oldest has to grow just a foot & three inches and he'll be as tall as me, and hes just six yrs. old! I'll wrestle you! I'm 25 yrs. 5'3½, blonde, brown eyes, weigh 118 lbs. Come on you're on!

P.S. Besides I can use the vacation!

Gigi

I DARE YOU!!

I am Chai Voris, Terre Haute, Ohio's (Pop. 20) most experienced Wrestler. I think I have wrestled just about every man in Terre Haute and I have "Beat the Pants Off" every one of them. Does Mr. Andy Kaufman think he is any different than any other Man?

I say HA!

And HA HA HA!

(And since it's close to Christmas) HO HO HO!!!

I know by day I may look like a meek and mild Secretary, but by night...

Look out Men! Here I Come!

I dare Andy Kaufman to wrestle me, or is he afraid of becoming one of my statistics (and another run in my Panti-hose.)

Signed,
The Chai-d Lady
The Chai-d Lady

Dear Mr. Kaufman,

I am challenging you to a wrestling match because I know that I am mentally much more superior to you, even though you are probably double my weight and triple my age. I weigh 78 pounds and am 14 years old. I like doing easy things.

Your Challenger,

Leslie

November 17, 1979

Dear Mr. Kaufman, 11/18/79

Im writing to you in response to the wrestling challenge you made on Saturday Night Live November 17, 1979. I am 6'0" and weigh 180 165. and was a competitive swimmer for thirteen years. I take great pride in my size and strength and like to show it off whenever I get the chance. The only problem is that the chance doesn't come up very often since most people don't get into wrestling unless its a local district state, national or international championships match. People would rather drink, eat and socialize at parties than wrestle. Im a very competitive woman and enjoy proving to the opposite sex that I am just as good and 9 times out of 10 much better than they are in anything they want to challenge me with. And now, getting back to your wrestling challenge. I know I can whip you Mr. Kaufman, and besides, I think you and I would put on a great show.

Sincerely,

Barbara Diane

New York, New York 10036
Tel:

I want to wrestle Andy Kaufman because I look like a Woman, act like a Lady, think like a man, and could beat that sucker.

Andy,

Are you serious? My grandmother could k
ut! Besides, anyone who looks like
" " ...tm (son of sam), has got
you to
know I'll win

waxa a wrestl
augh is enough.
ig to face
e humiliation?
fax ever ripe
. Do you
nt don't! Sometimes

Andy Kaufmann!

wanting to BE in NY
and if wrestling you takes me there
I surely will Beat your balls off! or yo
I can tell you you're slimey
pruney
and grotesque
to try to piss you off.
OR piss you on. } whatever
so wrestle me.
i'm in training.
ready
& waiting

Sincerely,

Ken

WRESTLE ME

My name is Joanne My height is 5'7".
I weigh 130 lb., and I would like to wrestle that pompous ass on television. Below you will find the picture you requested.

Dear Mr. Kaufman

I would Like the money that I am going to win. to take care of my family. I have Been russlle for 6 years with my Brothers, So I can Beat you easily. your chances of winnings are Very Very slim So if i get to russlle you i will Beat the hall out of you. and if you don't pick me i will sick my heavy hair cousin pig after you.

Sincerly yours

Nancy Woodis

me!

P.S. I am only ten.

11/17/79

Andy Kaufman
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Station
NYC, NY 10019

Dear Andy,
You ask why I think I can beat you in a wrestling match? The answer is simple . . .

I AM WOMAN!

Linda

November 19, 1979

Dear Andy:

You sexist jerk! I'm going to rip your lungs out! I'll give you a tracheotomy with my bare hands! I'm going to re-arrange your face so badly that when you feel the urge to pick your nose you'll scratch your ear lobes. I'll see you in N.Y. on Dec. 22.
P.S. my vital stats are 5'2" & 110 pounds of kick ass fury, sucker.

Sue

West Linn Oregon
97068

Dear Mr. Kaufman.

I with one hand tied behind
b my back. I, myself, coming
a from an Orthodox Jewish home,
4 will personally sit shiva for
C you when I'm through! I
a look forward to pinning your
b ass on the Christmas show,
a If you're man enough to
e challenge me personally.

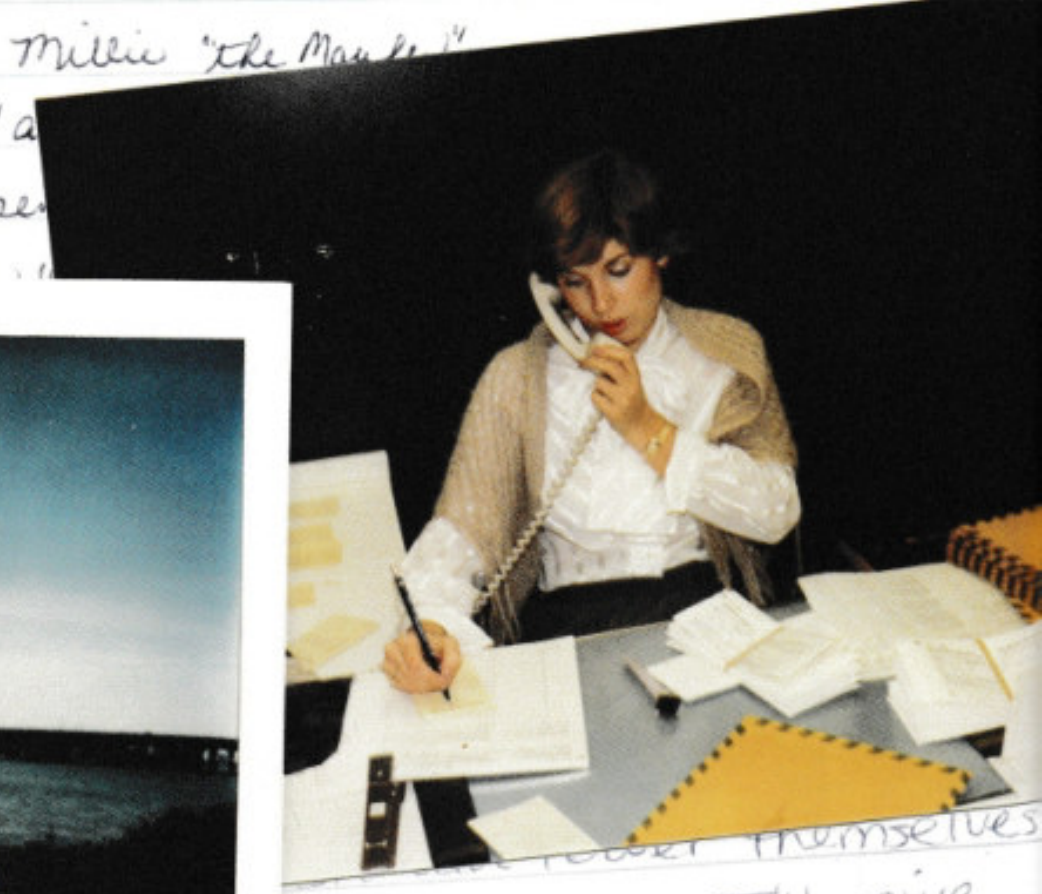
Sincerely,

Hatt

Colo. Spgs. Colo

In this corner is Millie "the Mouth"
wer standing 5'2" a
As a teen I spe

Lois 5/31/79
San Diego Navy Base



p like you. I'll give
have my head if you
that frail body of
ore, you are a no-tal
de it out of luck.
rring in "Taxi" - why
one? someone with
ld fit in perfectly

ent of T
aufman
club

Andy Kaufman

: Because this will prove I will put yo
your place, the gutter! This will prov
made man first than made woman,
learned from his mistakes! This will pr
that any woman can keep any man in h
place, this will prove that you are
Man I'll give you a run for your money

my pic

Andy

handle this

man call:

before 2 PM.

Suzanne

25yrs old 5'5" 125lbs

professional model / singer / actress

I have just recently arrived here from England and I found this persons comments rather offensive. If it is at all possible I would be most willing to sort him out by means of a wrestling bout.

Thank you,

Suzanne

Woodside

Queens

Inside Kung Fu Magazine

Hollywood, Ca. 90028

13 December 1979

GRACIELA
(personality profile)

age: 23 Height: 5 '4 Weight: 120

Andy Kaufman Challenge

Last July, on Friday the 13th, a former beauty queen defeated the reigning champ to become the Womens' Bantamweight Boxing Champion of the World. Graciela Casillas, once the city of Oxnard Miss Latin America, has a professional ring record of 14-1-0 with 12 KO's. Her world title is recognized by the World Womens Boxing Association (WWBA).

Miss Casillas is also a perfessional Karate Champion. Within the next few months, she will fight for the Women's Bantamweight Karate Championship of the World, sanctionedd by the World Karate Association (WKA). At this time, Miss Casillas is expected to become not only the first woman, but the first American to win two pugilistic World Championships. WKA title bouts, such as hers, are frequently covered by NBC-TV. Miss Casillas has already appeared on NBC's Real People.

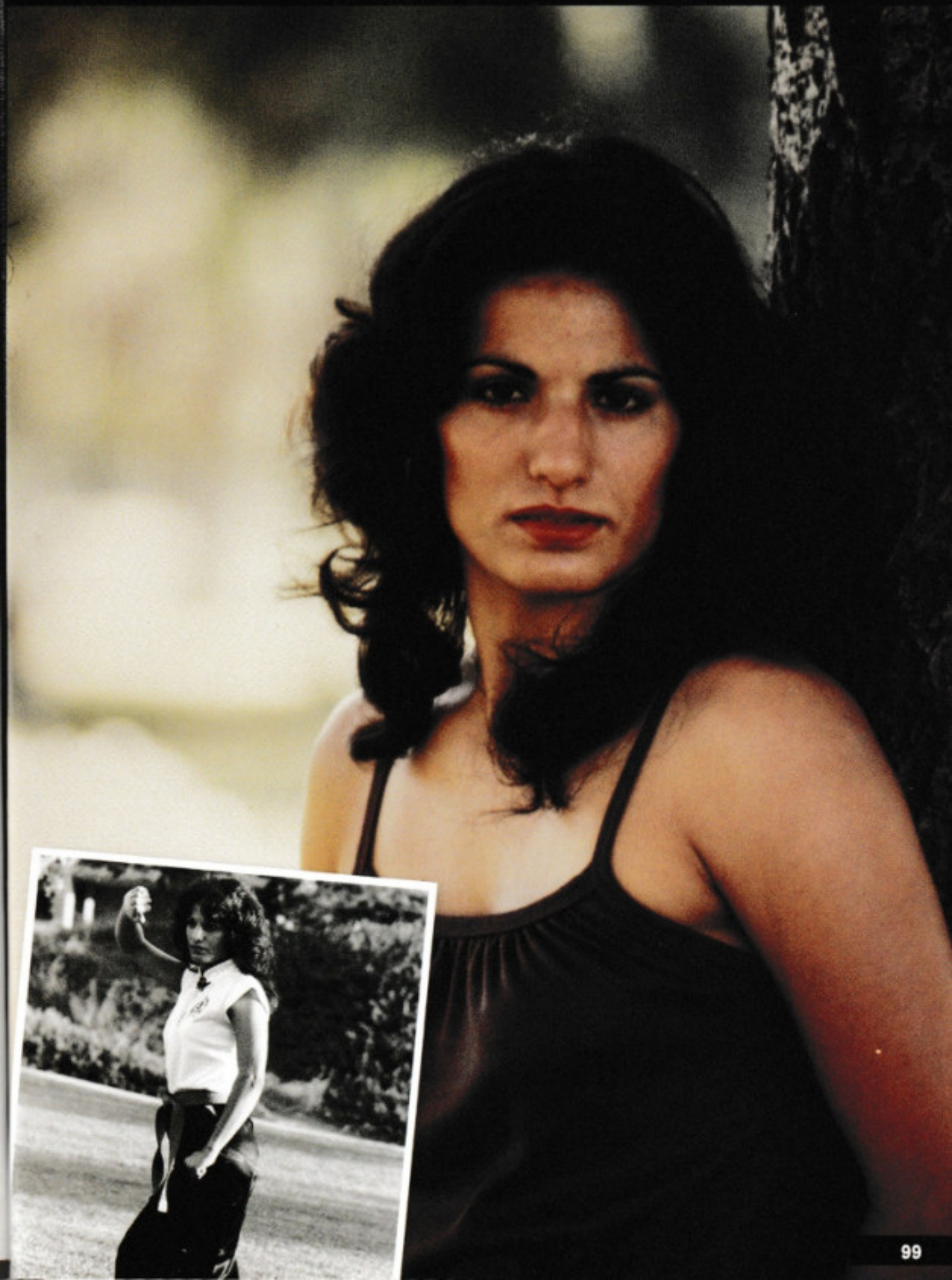
Besides the contrast between her feminine grace and her athletic career, what makes Graciela Casillas an enigma is her highly cultured background. Miss Casillas is a Masters' candidate in Educational Psychology at California State University at Northridge.

Speaking as the editor of the second largest Martial Arts Magazine, I can personally atest that Graciela Casillas is the genuine article...a World-Class Champion. Enclosed are some photos of Miss Casillas as well as feature articles from Boxing and Martial Arts publications. She may be reached at Mountain View, Ca. 94042--or by leaving a message with me, between 11:00-8:00 between 9:00-11:00 a.m. (EST), or p.m. (EST).

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul
Editor
Inside Kung Fu Magazine



Nov. 27 1979

DEAR ANDY,

I SAW "SAT. NIGHT LIVE" ON NOV. 17 IN WHICH YOU CHALLANGED ANYONE TO BEAT YOU IN A WRESTLING MATCH.

IF I HAD THE CHANCE I KNOW THAT YOU WOULD BE NO MATCH FOR MY STRENGTH, BOTH INTELLECTUALLY AND PHYSICALLY.

I WATCHED YOU OFTEN ON THE DICK VAN DYKE SHOW AND BELIEVE YOU TO BE A POOR EXAMPLE OF THE MALE RACE. I THINK YOUR STATEMENT IN WHICH YOU SAID YOU COULD BEAT ANY WOMAN IN A MATCH IS VERY IDEALISTIC.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU, ANDY, HAVE THE GALL TO PROFESS YOUR SUPERIORITY TO WOMEN ON NATIONAL T.V.

I LOVE WRESTLING. THE BEST BOUT I HAVE EVER SEEN WAS IN THE 1972 Olympics IN WHICH ALLEKSADR MEDVED OF THE U.S.S.R. WON THE SUPER HEAVY WEIGHT TITLE IN WRESTLING.

I'm 27 YEARS OLD AND THE MOTHER OF ONE CHILD. I'm 5'3", 318 POUNDS, AND MY STATS ARE 56-70-78½. I BELIEVE IF GIVEN THE CHANCE I WOULD POUNCE YOU TO A PULP. I CHALLENGE YOU TO PROVE YOUR MASCULINITY.

SINCERELY,
Joanne

Detroit, MI
48230

Peggy

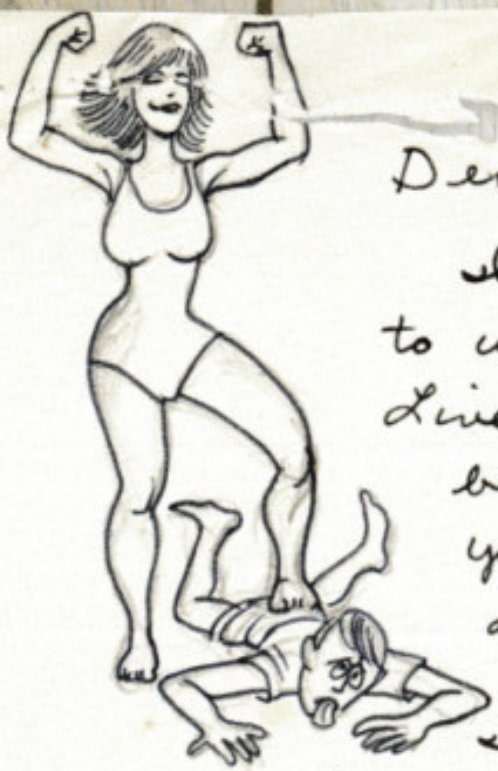
Age: 30 36-26-36 measurements

Height: 5' 7"

L.A. Calif 90027

Weight: 130 lbs

home phone:



Dear Andy Kaufman:

I accept your challenge to wrestle you on "Sat. Night Live". I had never wrestled before, but when I heard you say that you thought a woman could not beat you because of intelligence, I had to respond. I am not trained in any martial arts or physical combat of any kind. I am a mother of an eight year old boy. But my intelligence is not limited in the way you expressed. I know I am smart enough to pin you down. I will win, not because I am big or strong, but because I am smarter than you. I can anticipate your moves, and move faster than you. I, in turn, challenge you. Do you accept? Or are you looking for someone you can more easily overcome? I am the one who can beat you, Andy Kaufman. Do you dare? Sincerely- Peggy

L.A. Calif 90027

TAMMIE TEMPTATION "MISS NEROTICA"

Brooklyn, New York 1001
December 12, 1979

Dear Andy Kaufman —

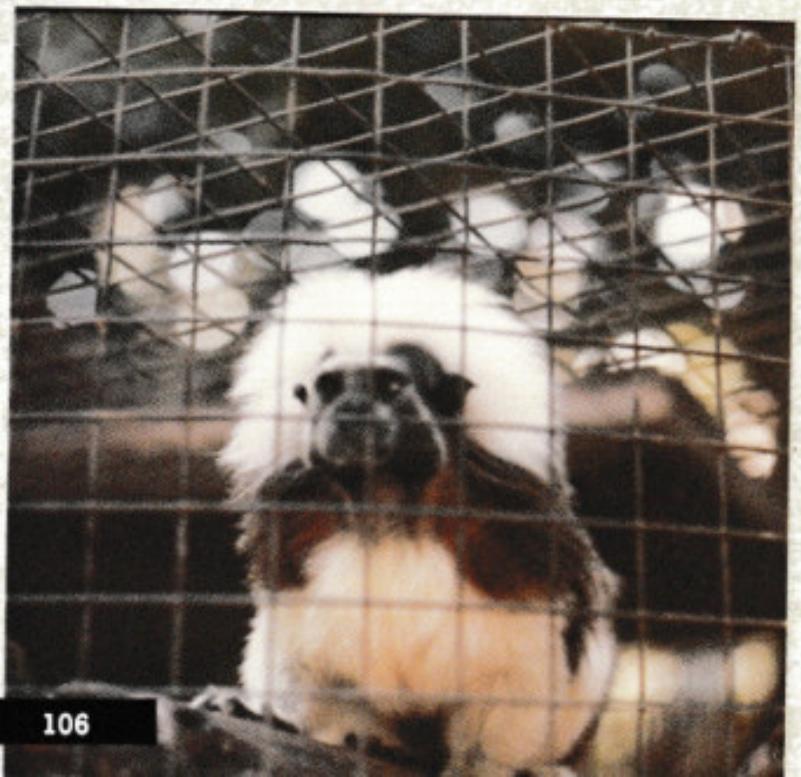
I would personally like to accept your challenge to women for a fair fight on television. I'm ready to prove my sex is superior to yours.

Don't be fooled by my size. I have the strength of ten men. Number eleven & I'll tell to get lost. You won't be the first man I've laid out flat. I've had bigger and stronger men than yourself on their knees before me begging for mercy.

I can take 3 men three at a time and leave them gasping and writhing on the floor, so I don't think little old you will be any problem for me.

I hope you will accept my challenge to meet on the mat.

Yours truly,
Tammie Temptation



November 21, 1979

Mr. Andy Kaufman
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Station
New York, NY 10019

Dear Mr. Kaufman:

This letter is in answer to your challenge on the November 17th episode of Saturday Night Live. Enclosed are several photographs of myself. One would not tell the story. They are numbered for your convenience.

Number 1. I'll be honest with you from the start because I'm sure you can tell from the photo that I'm a late bloomer. This was taken at age 21 when I became a brownie scout.

Number 2. This one was taken at age 40 just after returning from an expedition to Central Africa in search of a youth serum said to be used by a twenty-thousand year old tribe of marmoset pigmies. We found the serum and barely escaped with our lives.

Number 3. This was, believe it or not, taken two weeks ago at age 88. As you can see, the serum side effects wore off and it really did work. Believe me, to be able to look like I do now, at 88 years old; it was worth every minute of the 22 years I spent working as a marmoset at the Miami Zoo.

Well, if you think you can really handle a wrestling match with someone with a background like mine, just let me know. I should be up your way in the next few weeks. I have an aunt that I owe a visit. She's working her way through Columbia as a pidgeon in Central Park.

See you soon.

Linda

Linda

Durham, NC 27712

P.S. Actual birthdate=
March 27, 1953

Andy,

I want to wrestle you because you a fat M.C.P. and a C.B. (CRASHING BORE) besides. Women are good for a lot of things besides washing ing thi I kno cret, obu takes l strengt wouldn't

self an inteligent woman a battle of wits with like fighting an unarmed being a male chauvinist good for is taking and the the dishes and walking

used a pho proposal. T

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nly to
our fat
and yo
wrestl
T.V.!

Duh... I chalenge youse to a wrestle. Awm numma one, so done forget it buddy. Wildcat woman is out for blood. Lemme tangle wid ya.

Mr KAUFMAN
I'd like to take a couple of Punches at ya turkey. (or is it chicken or little ol

DEAR ~~ASSHOLE~~ ANDY,

I never
"Saturday night Live ag
You're humor is an insul
such a good show.
Quit, give-up. Go back

November 24, 1974

Dear Sirs,

I humbly request the opportunty to rip Andy Kaufman's legs off! My experience is as follows; I practiced for the bout by wrestling my 260 pound step-father.

My feeble minded foe hasn't a chance. He's clumsy and slow-witted, whereas, I am faster, smarter and more simple. Once more in the name of women and sports fans everywhere let me put an end to his childish gibber!

Sincerely
Vanessa C Killer Rabbit Welch

Worcester, Mass. 01603

Andy Kaufman –

I can beat you, because my brain has been lifting weights (mainly in the form of esoteric books) for <u>years.</u>

And when you see my body, you won't <u>wanna</u> win! Cynthia E.

Andy Kaufman
P.O. Box 860
Radio City Station
NYC 10019

Dear Mr. Kaufman —

I challenge you! Wrestle me on live television... unless you're scared! Not only am I a woman and therefore possessing of a body far superior to your wimpy frame, but I am a woman among women. I have youth, I have strength, I have healthy sexual energy in abundance. What have you got? Show me, if you have the guts. I guarantee I'll have you on the floor before you're even finished looking at me. You don't think I can do it? Just look at the hold I've got on that guy in the picture... my grip is so good I'm still holding on! But don't think I'm not mean. I am. Also tough, smart and invincible. You couldn't beat me in my sleep!

I'll bet your hesitating. I'll bet you're figuring your chances. But you haven't got a chance! I'll twist you up in a knot so tight you'll need surgery to straighten →

yourself out. I'll make you sorry you were born, like everyone else is. I'll teach you a lesson in the superiority of women you'll never forget.

I'm waiting for your answer. If it's "no", I'll know for sure that you're the chickenshit coward I've always known you were. Come on, coward, take the gauntlet I've thrown down.

Accept the challenge, you male insect.

Take your chances with me, you supreme specimen of sexual inadequacy.

Gather your strength and prepare, you cowering slime.

And say goodbye ~~the~~ to the world!

Claire R.

STRONGEST, MEANEST, TOUGHEST, FASTEST

REAL WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

Houston, Texas 77081

Dear Andy Kaufman, I Hate Your Guts!
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POPULAR CULTURE
$19.95

you chauvinist pig you,
ME
I mean I'm gonna whoop your sissy-britchered, slick-haired body into a smelly pulp.
Jane
I can tell you're slimey pruney and grotesque,
Get your razor ready, tuna!
I will prove, beyond the shadow that falls underneath Bobby Riggs' toupee, that you are nothing more than a spineless debased tremulous ass!
ALL men stink - especially you!
I'll pin your pig ears to the corn stalk.
Love, Cathy

In November of 1979, Andy Kaufman taunted the fair sex of America on *Saturday Night Live*: He promised $1,000 to the first woman who could pin him in a wrestling contest. As a further reward, he would shave his head bald, and he later added he would marry the winning contestant.

Kaufman received a torrent of impassioned challenges from would-be contenders across the country. The astonishing responses he wanted to publish as a book are finally printed here.

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